INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1903.

PLACE OF INTEREST AND AMUSE-MENT FOR MANY PERSONS.

Newspaper Reporter, Trained to Acute Observation, Finds Indianapolis Station Full of Surprises.

SEVERAL CHARACTER STUDIES

AMONG THEM IS ONE OF THE UNRE-SOURCEFUL TRAVELER.

Little Bob Plays Locomotive to the Disgust of His Mother-Various Impressions.

A big railway station is a good place in which to study character. The person who can spend an afternoon about a railway station in a large city without finding something to interest or amuse him is surely not a discerning observer. The Union Station of Indianapolis at this time of the year, when a great deal of traveling is being done, affords the student of humanity innumerable object-lessons, and is the stage upon which a continuous vaudeville show in real life is being enacted.

The blue-coated officials of the depot-the train-callers, gatemen and special policemen-as well as the employes in the various departments of the big building, are so accustomed to meeting with all kinds and conditions of people, and so familiar with the eccentricities of the traveling pubwhen a newspaper reporter, hurrying about on his daily rounds, "if anything of newspaper interest has turned up" these officials and employes usually answer that "nothing unusual has happened"-unless, of course something of a most exciting nature has chanced to take place. And so it is that many a story of human interest, sometimes amusing and sometimes full of pathos, is being lost to newspaper readers day after day because of the fact that, through constant association with such things, the persons who are eye-witnesses or participants in the little incidents fail to recognize their value. In the language of the newspaper office, these people only too often do not

possess the "nose for news." When a reporter, trained to keep his eyes open to all that is going on about him, finds himself, voluntarily or by force of circumstances, "tied down" to a railway station for an entire afternoon, he is certain to have occasion to jot down a few notes just as "reminders" on backs of old envelopes, unpaid bills and other bits of paper that he may happen to have in his pockets. It may be remarked, parenthetically, that it's all a mistake about reporters having note books. They always intend to get them; they fully appreciate, in fact, how nice it would be to have them, but somehow or other a newspaper reporter can never manage to get hold of a note book, and that's all there is about it.

HAS MANY IMPRESSIONS. In the first place, there is the traveler who, after spending a day or more in Indianapolis, is burning with a desire to spread broadcast- his impressions of the city. He comes from some small town, as a rule, and he is ready and willing-nay he is determined-to take everybody into his confidence. The men employed at the Union Station meet with this type of human being so often that they have grown to look upon him as a pest that like the mosquito, is inevitable, especially in the summer time. He comes at this season of the year when he can get excursion rates over the railroads, for, just as all roads in old Italy lead to Rome. all half-fare railroad tickets in this section of the country lead to Indianapolis in the good old summer time. The man-withthe-impressions turned up one afternoon last week and insisted upon unburdening himself to one of the gatemen during the out under the train shed, and, pretending busiest part of the afternoon.

"It's this way," he declared, emphatically, leaning over the iron rails through which the out-going travelers were passing from time to time, "I like your town; I he "choo-chooed" out through the open iron like your people, but I can't say that I think much of-

"Just let the lady pass, please," interbundles and four children handed him a from the station. ticket to Lebanon.

After the ticket had been punched and on her way toward the long train of yellow forth again with-"As I was saving, I don't think much

of your street-railway system. Now, I had to wait an hour and a half out at--"Did you say you were going to leave on to a realization of her position: that Big Four train?" demanded weary gateman, who had been listening to this discourse on "Indianapolis As I See It" for ten minutes or more, with occasional interruptions.

"Yes, but I ain't in no hurry," replied the impressionistic individual, adding glee- come into close association with a hatchet. fully: "The train don't start for ten minutes, you know, and I can pretty near finish what I've got to say in that length of | voice.

A bystander suggested at this point that the traveler should write down his impressions of the city-that they were too making anxious inquiries for the red-headed good to be wasted in mere verbal utter- boy in the blue sailor suit, and soon several ances and that, for posterity's sake, they should be published and put into circula- the missing youngster. But Bob was notion-throughout Indiana at least. The suggestion was a timely one for the gateman was beginning to wear a frown-and a railway station official with a frown is a have to hold the train," gasped the almost man to beware of. The suggestion, far delirious mother, as she heard the train from hurting the feelings of the garru- caller making his announcement once again lous man, seemed to impress him favor- with the ominous words that "the train ably, and he finally made his way through | would leave the station in five minutes." the gate and across the tracks towards his train, a thoughtful expression on his form of a passenger coach engaged in

UNRESOURCEFUL TRAVELER.

Then there is the bewildered, unresourceful traveler-a common sight at the station. On the afternoon in question this over the same ground again and again. unhappy person was a little woman from her purse in some unaccountable manner between the iron gateway near the track and the women's waiting room-a distance of scarcely fifty yards. She had come un to Indianapolis on a Cincinnati train and

his address was not to be found in the directory, of course; she was without money -without friends and apparently without

brains for the time being. "I don't know how I could have lost it." she wailed, alluding to the missing purse, as she wrung her hands hysterically. "I know I had it when I got off the train-I'm sure I had it-I'm certain I had it. I held it in this hand-no, in this hand-just three minutes ago-no, two minutes. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

She was sitting on a bench in the women's room during this outburst. The tears were rolling down her travel-stained cheeks. The matron of the department stood by her, offering her words of comfort and assuring her that things were not so bad as they might seem on first thought -that her uncle would surely turn up-that she could telegraph home for money-that, perhaps, the employes who were even then searching for the purse would find it pretty

But the bewildered, panic-stricken little woman was not to be comforted. There she sat on the bench, working her mind up into a state of frenzy. She was perfectly certain, she declared, that this unlucky trip would prove the end of her. She had feit when she started out from Knoxville that she would never get back home alive. She didn't want to come to Indianapolis anyway. She hated the town-what she had seen of it from the car windows and didn't understand how people could exist in such a place. She almost wished that her impending death would come at once and take her out of her agony and her-. But suddenly, in the midst of her tirade, a queer look came over her face. She had pavement to get the proper steam effect. been holding both hands to her head, but She raised herself slightly to allow the standing limp and lifeless. "Toot-toot!" he hand to make its way underneath her. bellowed again, "Look out for the locomo-Then she sprang to her feet with a sort | tive!" sitting on her pocketbook! And almost at jovial-looking old fellow put in an apearance at the doorway leading into the women's waiting room. GLAD TO SEE JOSEPHINE.

grin creeping over his face, "I thought I'd missed you. Your train was reported a half-hour late, but I guess it must have made up time. I'm mighty glad to see-" "Uncle George!"

And that was the end of that incident.

The mothers who lose their children are often a source of deep concern and perplexity to the employes of the station. Take, for example, the case of the Greencastle woman and the red-headed boy. The Greencastle woman had been waiting about the station since 2 o'clock, although her train was not to leave Indianapolis until late in the afternoon. The red-headed boy-she called him Bob-had been amusing himself by acting as self-appointed overseer and general superintendent of the various departments of the station. He was a freckled-faced, sharp-featured little chap, was Bob, and he wore a comical sailor suit of navy blue with white trimmings, that was entirely too big for him He was probably ten years old, although it would have been impossible to judge his age correctly by his face, which, when he smiled, became as wrinkled as the face o an old man, white his little blue eyes squinted continually.

Bob's mother sat beside her hand-baggage in the main waiting room, reading a copy of one of Laura Jean Libbey's novels and completely absorbed in the fascinating "story of love and hate," as the title page had it. Her mind was far away from her prosaic surroundings; she had forgotten all about such commonplace things as railway stations, passenger trains and red-headed boys.

Left to his own resources, Bob did just what any other boy-red-headed or notwould have done under the circumstances. He carried his investigations into the every nook and corner of the big depot. He went on a tour of inspection through the lunch and dining rooms; he took a trip up the stairway and peeped into the offices on the second floor; he swaggered into the barber shop and watched a bald-headed man have his smooth, shining cranium rubbed with a new hair tonic warranted to restore the hair or no pay; he journeyed that he was a locomotive, "choo-chooed" with all his might down to one of the baggage rooms, and then, finding that as locomotive he was a pronounced success gateway to Illinois street and proceeded to until he was lost amid the crowd of peorupted the gateman, as a woman with six | ple who were making their way to and

Bob's mother, meanwhile, was following the fortunes of one Eleanor, a beautiful the woman and her accompaniments sent | village maiden with many ardent lovers and a penchant for getting into trouble. coaches, the affable gentleman launched The Greencastle woman was fairly devouring the book and was completely oblivious of all surroundings until suddenly the train caller stopped directly in front of her and shouted in a voice that brought her back

"Train-for-Greencastle, Bray-zille-" FLEW ABOUT STATION. She didn't wait to hear the rest of the announcement, but sprang to her feet with wild look in her eyes and began flying about the station like a chicken that has just

"Where's Bob?" she cried. "Bob-bee

Bob-bee!" she called, at the top of her

She rushed into the woman's waiting room and out again; into the dining room and out again; she hurried hither and thither. employes were also engaged in a search for where to be found. Three minutes-four minutes-five minutes went by, and still Bob was not among those present. "They'll

Six minutes-seven minutes-eight minutes more elapsed, and Bob's parent was face. But he was too full of his subject on the verge of nervous prostration as she for suppression, and five minutes later he continued her seemingly hopeless search. was to be seen standing on the rear plat- | She pried about in the most impossible places for the red-headed boy, declaring one-sided conversation with a bored con- that he had either gone to sleep somewhere about the building or had been kidnaped outright. The people who were lending their services in the search for the little fellow were running about aimlessly, going

And then finally, within two minutes of Knoxville, Tenn., who had managed to lose | the time for the train to start, Bob turned up. His entrance upon the scene was spectacular in the extreme. Mark Twain's Ton Sawyer couldn't have wished for a more favorable opportunity for "showing off." For all eyes were directed toward the tiny was to have been met at the station by her | red-headed chap as he came "choo-choouncle, whose familiar face was nowhere to | ing" into the station yard from the Illinoishe seen among the station crowds. She street entrance, near the tunnel, working had never been in Indianapolis before; her his little freckled fists backward and foruncle was not a resident of the city and | ward to represent the piston rods of an enWOMEN TO EDIT A DAILY NEWSPAPER.



A daily newspaper edited wholly by women is about to be launched at Chicago. The editors and promoters, three of whose pictures are here presented, think they can fill a long-felt want by printing a paper for women.

gine, and shuffling his little feet along the "Toot-toot!" roared Bob, in a beautiful now one of her arms fell to her side and | imitation of a whistle, as he steamed up to then, quite stealthily, one hand crept along the big depot doorway, where his mother, the bench upon which she was sitting. a fit subject for the insane asylum, was

of gurgling exclamation. She had been | "Well, that's just what we've been doing for the last ten minutes, you little scoun the same moment a big, red whiskered, drel," said a disgusted member of the

When the "locomotive" came to a standstill he was sidetracked immediately and without ceremony. His mother, with re-"By golly, Josephine!" he said, a broad turning strength, boxed him on the ears to show him how glad she was to get him back again, and then, gathering up her leathern satchel, bundles, umbrella and paper-back "story of love and hate" under one arm, she yanked the locomotive along after her with her other arm, and managed to get him and herself safely on board the Greencastle train just as it started forth LOUIS W. JONES. on its journey.

KINDRED OF THE SEA.

American and German Vessels Meet in Midocean.

Sailor on United States Training Ship Hartford in New York Tribune. We had been ten days out from Madeira bound for Porto Rico. We had run down to about the twentieth parallel in search of the trade winds. The moon, now at its full, had risen almost with the setting of the sun, and a great stream of pale silver light quivered in our wake. It was just after the supper hour-that period of leisure on board ship-and our crew, over 500 strong, thronged the deck of the United States training ship Hartford, Farragut's famous old flagship, returning home from a winter practice cruise in the Mediterranean.

Far down on the southward on the hor izon, and bound to cross our wake, appeared the lofty outlines of a full rigged ship, the first we had sighted in many days, every stitch of canvas set and swelling in the breeze. We had been watching her for an hour or more until gradually, as the approaching shadows of night deepened and the glow of the setting sun grew less and less, her outline became fainter and fainter, shadowy, still more shadowy, until gradually, blending with the haze of evening, it disappeared at last altogether from our view.

Presently the watch officer cried out: thought I saw a white light flash from where the ship ought to be! There it is again!" and almost as he spoke it faded and disappeared in the darkness.

What could it be? Perhaps the glisten of the moon on her white canvas; perhaps a light to lure fishes from the sea, or yet a signal of distress. No; there it is again, this time long continued, plainly visible to the naked eye-"a tar barrel; they are burning a tar barrel," a signal of distress -a signal for aid-and yet all is so peaceful and the night and sea so tranquil. What water-perhaps some one desperately ill on board, and they want a surgeon from our steamer (for steamers nowadays nearly always carry one); perhaps they need provisions; perhaps they have sprung a leak. A thousand and one possibilities. But they need assistance by their signal, and without a moment's delay our captain ordered helm to starboard and the great ship slowly swung about to port eight points to the southward, toward our kindred of the sea. She, too, bore up more into the wind, and so gradually we drew toward each other, nearer and nearer, until her lights shone distinct and her outline was clearly

defined in the now brilliant moonlight. Now silence on deck and the order rang out sharp and distinct: "Stand by to clear the lifeboat. Make ready to lower." The approaching ship was now close to our port bow. Still she made no effort to heave to, but if anything rather squared away on her course. Strange she does not hail "Try her," ordered the captain. "Hail her with the megaphone.

"Ship ahoy! Can we be of any assist "No!" came back the answer: "we did not know you were a man of war.' "We saw your light and thought you signaled for assistance. "No, thank you; we saw your light, and

thought you needed assistance, and so bore

"No; many thanks." Same to you.

"Same to you. What is your nationality?" "German. And our ship's band struck up the German national anthem, while the sailors of the ship, some thirty in number, gathered on her poop and gave us three rousing cheers, which were returned with a will by our boys, and our band played "Columbia" as the Geramn squared away on her course and passed on like a vision across the rays of the rising moon. But again we followed her, and running in under her stern, hailed her: "We are the United States ship Hartford; what ship are

"The Ariadne, of Bremen, bound home," came the answer, and with a farewell bon voyage the Hartford swung away upon her course to the westward, while the seaman band struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein." with again three rousing cheers from the Ariadne's crew and three answering ones from the five hundred lusty throats, and we passed on toward the setting sun-she into the rising moon with her great spread of white canvas glistening like some vision

in the silvery light. She had mistaken the electric lights of our band for a signal of distress. Her answering light we had thought the same. Each had gone miles out of her course to aid the other, an international episode happily ended-a pleasing contretemps between kindred of the sea, German and American at that.

Late Planting of Corn.

Kansas City Journal. The Osceola Democrat makes fun of thos dispirited Missouri agriculturists who think it is too late to plant corn. "We saw the late Will Lilly," it says, "plowing and planting a field on the Fourth of July, and he got a full crop. Those who want to raise corn have plenty of time to do so." It does rather seem too early yet to begin to croak, Past experience teaches that Missouri will finalull herself together and raise a full crop TORIES OF THE

Probate Commissioner Walker had another sitting with the friends of Catharine Smith the other day. Mrs. Smith is the aged | through the front doors of the hospital on Irishwoman who will not believe her son is to the sidewalk. "Mickey" has since taken dead and expects him to come home each night. Some time ago her friends came into | tions and has gone from Indianapolis, but court and had a guardian appointed for her. | the secret-service men have not forgotten The commissioner selected a relative who is to live in the same house with Mrs. Smith and take care of her and her property. She has had a tenant who has been asked to to take notes at the President's side while vacate to make room for the guardian. This tenant, a woman, has not been in a particular hurry to get out and a few days ago Attorney John Rochford came into court to see what could be done about getting this woman out. He brought with him an old Irish gentleman named Smith, a relative of Catharine Smith. In the course of the discussion of the case, Mr. Rochford turned to the commissioner with the remark:

"Judge, you don't think we will have any trouble putting her out do you?"

"Oh, well, if you do call on Mr. Smith and let him do it," said the commissioner with a wink. The effect on the old Irishman was magical. He sprang up in great agitation "No, indeed, jidge," he exclaimed, "don't ask me to do it. I'm a gintleman and could niver lay violent hands on a loidy." Commissioner Walker is very fond of a rich Irish brogue and has a favorite story to tell of an Irishman connected with the street-railway company who is, perhaps, the only man that ever got ahead of Hugh McGowan. It seems that a short time after Mr. McGowan became general manager of the street railway this particular old Irishman, who had been employed by the company for many years, went out and got drunk one night and neglected his work. He was discharged, of course, as soon as he came back, but the following day after his dismissal he returned to work. He was told that he was no longer in the employ of the street-railway company. He said he would go and see Mr. McGowan. He did so and the general manager informed him that he was dismissed from the service of the company. "Is it so," he declared with the richest of brogue, "but O'i want to say to you, Mister McGowan, that O'! wurriked for this sthreet car company long before you had innything to do wid it an' ve can't turn me off fur let him stay," said Commissioner Walker, "and he is still at his old work."

One of the men whom Washington city specially loves to welcome is Gen. Lew Wallace, who takes a trip to the national capital every winter or two. It is said that General Wallace never goes over to the can it mean? Perhaps they are short of | Capitol to visit Congress when he is in the city. He dislikes having to sit in the gal-"I helped save the Capitol once," said, recently, "and now when I want to visit Congress I have to be shoved up in the gallery, so I stay away."

> XXX Where a McGregor sits-there is the head of the table," is an old Scotch saying that has become very familiar to the ears of County Commissioner John McGregor, Usually when a friend of the commissioner's desires to be particularly jocular with him the friend indulges in this quotation and about nine times out of ten the friend gets it wrong. Sometimes they have it, "Where there sits a McGregor is the head of the table," and occasionally some one who particularly rusty in his Scotch has it that "a McGregor always sits at the head of the table." "Where a McGregor sits-there is the head of the table," John McGregor explains is the correct quotation. The county commissioner told some friends the other day how this sentence originated. Over in bonny Scotland years ago a lot of the clans gathered to eat and drink. They fell into a dispute about which should be the head of the table. One set of clans wanted it here and another there. Finally the dispute be came so violent that it looked as if there would be a bad row. It was a McGregor that pacified matters and he did it quietly and effectually. He was an old fellow, but he had the brawn of his fathers. He sat about the middle of the table. The clans suddenly became still when the old fellow. reaching down into his boot, drew forth an immense dirk knife and stuck the sharp blade into the table before him. "Where a McGregor sits-there is the head of the table." was all that it was necessary for him to say to establish that particular locality.

There was one young man who had to do with President Roosevelt's visit here last fall who was not here last Thursday night. the newspaper workers of the city as "Mickey." This young man, on the occasion of the President's former visit, was a police reporter on the Journal. When the President was taken to the hospital about the first man on the scene was "Mickey" Donnelly. The enterprising youth made a fine start but a bad finish. Being an affable young fellow he soon made the acquaintance of the young doctors at the hospital. and when the President was carried into a room and placed on the operating table. internes. None of the physicians called in to

self handy in the group about the table and plained afterward, "Mickey" was not allowed to "light" until he was hurried service with one of the big press associahim. To this day, in Washington, Chief Wilkie's men are still marveling at the cool nerve of the Indianapolis reporter who tried he was on the operating table.

Peas and beans, as some say-or beans and peas, as others say-are as old as Egypt. Herodotus said the Egyptians never sowed or ate beans, but Theophrastus and Pliny vouch to the contrary. In the oldest of days lentils grew wild in fields of grain, and, stewed with oil and garlic, constituted the oldest man's "red pottage." Virgil directs pod-fruit culture by the stars:

belongs botanically the lens, the freckle and the "pendulum bob," the common pea has a host of relatives-the peanut, the hoary pea, the milk pea, beach pea, vetch or tare, chick pea, coffee pea, partridge pea, Siberian pea, Chinese pea, butterfly pea, sweet pea and everlasting pea. So too, the standard bean, "the sure crop bean," has a notable company of fresh green country kin, including the origina groundnut or wild bean, the kidney bean the string or pole bean, dwarf or field bean the luscious Lima bean, the snail bean Spanish bean, or scarlet runner, "Lablab," or India bean, China bean, black-eyed bean French bean, Windsor, or bean of England "not fancied in this country, where we have better." All these beautiful green vines of beans and peas-or peas and beans-grow lovely blossoms, violet, white pink, rose, purple, scarlet or variegated. What the sweet pea alone does for the beauty lover the garden world well knows. It seems a far cry from the aroma of the midwinter Boston baked bean pot to the fragrant Japonica on a society man's lapel but these are akin; so, also, trefoil on the

O'im going to sthay." "And Mr. McGowan | carven pulpit and shamrock in the Irishman's buttonhole, with laburnum, highclimbing Wistarias, cassia, mimosa, Scotch broom, sweet clover and all the clovers. the honey locust, red bud, senna, and a bewildering multitude of exquisite greenhouse plants. Fifty years ago, when the agricultural books classed all vegetables as "root crops and pod fruits." no market accounts were given of beans and peas. The evolution of market produce, indeed, is a curious chapter. On public sale, at the start, there was little else than corn, potatoes and bacon. Every town householder had his own kitchen garden all around his house, and even up to his front fence. Farmer John not use himself he gave to his neighbor yard beauty pushed the pea vines, bean poles and the cabbage patch to the rear; the kitchen garden was crowded to the outskirts of town, and finally was chased clear into the country, giving rise to larger marfirst time, root crops and pod fruits got into bean seed and 40 cents for pea seed. "Determined to know beans," he tells us, he hoed seven miles of beans half a day all \$16.94, but must have eaten all his peas, as he makes no further mention of them.

In Marion county in 1848 mutton was 21/2 cents a pound, but peas have no mention. At same date, in Orange county, beans were 50 cents per bushel and peas 75 cents. Laporte county ignored peas, but beans were \$1 a bushel; and Greene county beans were 621/2 cents. Peas in Pennsylvania then were \$1.50 per bushel, beans the same, and both 22 per bushel in New York. Pod fruits looked up in Indiana by first state fair time, whites. The natives, some twenty years however, and in 1852 David S. Avery received a \$2 premium on best peas. For best beans in 1855 J. Loucks received a \$2 premium and a subscription to the Indiana Farmer. All over the country peas and beans used to be planted with the corn; and a cornfield wreathed with vines in bloom or pod must have been a pretty sight. The vines were good forage, and were mowed and dried as hay, to be stored in barns for winter cattle food. Hogs were This was M. E. Donnelly, better known to | fattened in the fields on this fodder; it was also turned under as fine fertilizer. In old England the beanfields were cut with the sickle and the crop tied into sheaves with straw ropes or twists of pea vines. Virginia farmers held pea-vine fodder next to clover, and sold seed at \$2 to \$3 per bushel. Old English farmers sowed peas with the beans; the latter served as "stabs or props" for the former.

Some good old-fashioned peas, Jordan Hall says, were the Crowder pea, blackeved pea and split peas; even the "cow pea" "Mickey" was there posing as one of the was considered to "eat right well." The "best old-time beans ever put in the operate on the President knew the differ- ground" were the Valentine bunch beans. ence and Dr. Jameson and Dr. Oliver were | To improve pea or bean seed, Jordan Hall

POD FRUITS.

'Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean The growth of Egypt, or the kidney bean, Begin when the slow Waggoner descends." In the great pulse family, to which also

says that what the old-time gardener could As time went on, feminine demand for doorkets for the regular farmer. Then, for the print. One season Thoreau spent \$3.121/2 for summer long; at night his flute "waked the echoes over the pond." His bean crop, nine bushels and twelve quarts, he sold for

the effect that the present poverty of the natives is attributable to the wicked white men, who have robbed them and destroyed their game. He says that ten years ago, when there were not fifty white men in all Alaska apart from a few mining camps on thou in the entire lower valley of the Yukon river had been practically exterminated and also the walrus in Bering sea. But he says that it was the natives that exterminated the game and not the before, had traded furs for breech-loading rifles with the whalers that touched on the coast, and with these kept up an unremitting war on their game, without giving the animals a season for breeding and have by their recklessness and prodigality destroyed their own means of subsistence, There are yet immense herds of caribou to be found in the Porcupine valley in northeast Alaska and between that river and the Arctic ocean, as he has seen as many as two thousand there in a single day. He recommends that an army officer or agent be put in charge of the Esquimaux. If they were kept at work at the salmon fishing during the "run" they could easily make enough to keep them the around. But they are utterly improvident when left to themselves, making no pro vision for the future. They should not be allowed to stay around mining camps unless they work at something. Nor should collected on a reservation. Laziness and prodigality in time of plenty is trolled by an agent

soon calling him "doctor!" He made him- says, choose the best seed from the best the people

pods—"the fittest of the fit;" he has known old Kentucky beans thus treated to go on getting better for forty years. From twoinch pods they grew to a man's finger length, with a dozen to fifteen peas in a pod. Jordan Hall grew a fine bean named brought home from civil war rations. Indians knew all about beans, and Mexican women peddle peas and beans from door to door. All visitors to New Orleans recall the odd little saucers of shelled peas in the French markets.

Peas and beans, as palatable and nourish-

ing everyday dishes, have a long and

wonderful history. For pea soup. says a time-worn English chronicle, "take six pounds of pork, six quarts of water, one quart of peas, season, stew two hours and serve with broken biscult." "Pea pudding" contains one pint of stewed peas beaten with one egg and a little salt, IT IS GENERALLY THE FIRST ARTIboil one hour in a cloth-"highly nourishing." To flavor gruel "peas-powder" is made of nuts, sage, celery, cayenne pepper and allspice "pounded together in a marble mortar." "Boiled peas" were cooked and The Latter Functionary Has a Knack garnished with chopped mint; and "lettuce peas"-old Godey's Lady's Book-calls for "four chopped lettuces, two quarts young peas, two lumps of loaf sugar, four leaves of mint, stewed in cream and poured over cold chopped ham. Ale and beer "to deceive a brewer," was made of pea-shells in old England; and for an old English "pease feast," the peas were "sieved," to secure the small ones; "boiled to a bubble," shaken with bits of butter between two hot dishes and served to the "pea-eater" garnished with "relishing rashers of would have been allowed to remain and ac- bacon." "N. B." adds the "oracle," a peck complish a wonderful newspaper coup had of young pease is not too much for a couple he not committed a fatal error. He took out of hearty pea-caters." Pease soup was also his note book and coolly began jotting down | thickened with bread crumbs and decorated things the President would say. "What are | with slices of fried cucumber. The affinity you doing, my man," a secret-service offi- between young lamb and green peas was cer fiercely whispered, grabbing him rough- evidently not know in England and ly by the shoulder. "I-I'm a reporter- mentioned only in American cookbooks in while to ship the household belongings to making notes," "Mickey" whispered back 1876. New England cooks dried peas for the new home. in frightened tones. As a fellow reporter ex- winter soups; and a Yankee dish of 1850 slice of pork;" "the pork need not be laid on the dish," adds the thrifty cook, "and the same slice will do for several boilings." Beans, as a culinary success, discourage selection. What army and navy beans have done cannot be entered into; beans on board ship have rounded the globe, and beans with dried apples helped the fortyniner across the continent to California gold. In the early English cook books beans have no prominence; but beans and peas were cooked together in old New England. Boston baked beans of 1850 went "into an iron basin" and old Virginia "Yankee Baked Beans" were declared "a fine dish for a snowy day." The cry, "Bean soup for supper, Sammy," would always entice laggard young Pennsylvania boys homeward; but pea or bean soup has no prestige in old Southern domestic

records. For true fervor as to beans, however, let the student of pod fruits seek out the Boston and Philadelphia horticultural records. From half a dozen varieties of fifty years ago "the fittest of the fit" now puts forward stringless beans and beans of many ornamental titles. Among the "dwarf, snap pole or bush beans" are the Bountiful, Grant, Yellow six weeks, Mohawk, Refugee or 1,000 to one, Champion, Cranberry, Bush Seirra, Marblehead, Boston Favorite, Yellow Eye, Navy, Snowflake, Red Kidney, Concord, London, Wrens Egg, Kentucky Wonder, Prolific, Case-Knife, Yard Long, Painted Lady, King of the Garden and Lazy Wife." The last, as its name indicates, furnishes "a handful of choice stringless pods at a single grab." On an Indiana market gardener's list are Grant Stringless, Stringless Green Pod, California Branch or Ivy, Garden Wax, Black Wax, Valentine Wax, Kidney Wax-"the bean for fine canners"-King of the Garden, Golden Andelusia"the grandest bean ever known"-Dutch Case-Knife, Crease-back pole bean and Red Cut Short. Among the peas of 1847 were the Prince Albert, Grotto, Charlton, Bishop's Dwarf, Royal Dwarf, Surprise, Knights Dwarf, Scimitar and British Queen. More American are the names now seen on the garden books: Prosperity heads the list followed by Little Gem. Morning Star, Excelsior, American Wonder, Tom Thumb, Blue Peter, Daisy, Telephone, Early Prize, Admiral Dewey, May Queen, Alaska, Eclipse, Alpha, New Life, Juno, Earliest of All, Pride of the Market, Yosemite Monster, Perpetual and Heroine. "Prodigious" is "the giant of the pea family." Children love to shell peas; but are likely to shirk stringing beans. Delightful William Howitt in his who had to follow the furrows and "pop beans into holes in nibbling time."

FUNSTON ON ALASKA.

The General's Report on Condition of

the Peninsular Races.

General Funston has sent in a prelimi-

condition of the natives in Alaska. He is

enabled to make a more intelligent report

than a complete stranger to that territory

could have prepared in the time he has

been in command of the Department of

in Alaska and lived almost entirely with

the natives, both Indians and Esquimaux.

He contradicts the opinion that has been

But properly con-

with magesteria

authority, there would be no starving Es-

eneral highly compliments the work car-

ied on under the direction of the commis-

natives in their care and use. This enter-

rise of the government, he says, bids fair

inate all danger of distress among

quimaux and no need for charity.

sioner of education, in introducing

Siberian reindeer and instructing

Columbia, for the reason that, about a

Nebraska State Journal.

dollars for the thing. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," says the

book on old England pities the little boys auctioneer, after an introductory speech notable for its flowery language, "here goes the ice chest. Which one of you wants to be the ice man? What's that song they sing?-Boom, boom-how'd ye like to be the ice man? Boom, boom-that's the bass drum in the orchestra, you know, and the singer follows up with-What's that? Did I get a bid?"

A timid voice has called out "One offer be repeated and when the timid one meekly says "one dollar" again, the observed of all observers places one hand to his forehead and pretends to reel backward in a fainting fit brought on by the shock of the impossible bid.

decade ago, he spent two and a half years his equilibrium. "That almost floored meme, with all my self-possession, too. Surely you'll give two dollars," he adds, pointing out a woman's face which long promulgated by the New England seers to experience has taught him to judge as belonging to an "easy mark."

REMARKABLE ICE CHEST The \$2 bid is given and soon the crowd wakens to the fact, urged on by the auctioneer, of course, that the ice chest is a most remarkable ice chest-that there are the southwestern coast, the moose and car- few other ice chests in all the world just like it-and the price goes up, up, up, twenty or thirty cents at a time until lo! it is "knocked off" for \$9 to a scared little woman who had had no intention of buying an ice chest-who doesn't want one, in fact, but who, caught in the current of excitement, stirred up by the crafty auctioneer, has been swept on inevitably until finally landed as the highest bidder. She says faintly that she would like to examine the ice chest, for she has not even had a good look at the thing, and she is left to sadly survey her newly acquired property while the crowd edges away to the other side of the room where the kitchen stove is already being sold.

The auctioneer has the knack of injecting so much excitement into the sale of every article, no matter how trivial that article may be, that oftimes he succeeds in working up the bidders to a pitch where they bid against themselves. For instance, while selling a lot of old pans and crockery, he will call out, "Going at 10 cents-10 cents-10 cents. Am I offered 15-15-15?" what destroys the Esquimaux as well as The last word of the sentence he utters with such emphasis that the bidder who has just offered 10 cents imagines that someone else has offered the 15 and so the 10-cent bidder roars out "20 cents!"-an amount which is readily accepted by the "Foxy Quiller" who is engineering the sale. If the excited bidder had but remained quiet the things could have been had for half the money. The small arti-

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"Sixth Regiment," from some beans he THE CRIER'S STENTORIAN TONES HEARD IN RESIDENCE DISTRICTS.

> Indianapolis Women Are Assiduous Patronesses of These "Get-Rich-Quick" Bargains.

SALE OF THE FAMILY ICE BOX

CLE PUT UP BY AUCTIONEER.

of Injecting Much Excitement Into the Proceedings.

This is the time of year when many auction sales are taking place in the residence portion of the city. A red flag nailed to a front porch or protruding itself from a parlor window usually causes the passer-by as much concern as if the house were marked with the dreadful sign of smallpox. One wonders at once why the home is being sold out, and how the many people who are entering it as purchasers chanced to know that a sale was to be held there. Auctions in the residence part of Indianapolis are usually caused by the death of the homemaker or the removal of the family to some other town too far away to make it worth

and place of the sale are usually advertised in the newspapers for at least a week previous to the date set for the event, and it is surprising to note how many people read these advertisements and "follow them up" when the time comes. There are honest folk, usually women, who catch the "auction féver" and become so fascinated with the speculative excitement of the redflag sales that they put aside other engagements in order to be on hand when an auctioneer mounts his improvised stand in an up-town residence and announces that the bargaining is about to begin.

The seasoned patrons of these residence auctions make it a point to arrive on the scene before the sale is started, so that they may thoroughly investigate all of the different things that are to be placed on sale. They carefully examine all of the rugs; they note just how much cotton is woven into the silk portieres; they find all of the obscu. holes in the stair carpet, and become keenly alive to the fact that the cut-glass punch bowl has a crack along one side. Many of these discerning ones know just what things cost "down town" and what the articles to be auctioned off are worth. There are always a few "second-hand men" among the early visitorsshrewd tradesmen that have come prepared to clinch a bargain if the right op-

portunity turns up. THE AUCTION BEGINS. At last the auction begins. Most up-town auctions are alike and the writer takes, as an example, an auction in the northeast part of town that occurred last week. The auctioneer has arrived and from now on he is to be the center of attraction. He is jealous of his temporary popularity and reminds the amused observer of a theatrical star who always wants to stand in the middle of the stage with the lime-light directed upon him alone. The auctioneer must necessarily be good humored, however, and he must always make an attept to be funny, which he does with a dogged persistency. He selects the kitchen as his starting place and the crowd assembles in the little apartment in the rear of the house that had once been the empire ruled over by the all-powerful servant girl. By the side of the auctioneer stands a man with a lead pencil and a notebook. It is this officer's duty to keep account of every sale that is made and of every penny

that changes hands. The ice box is offered for sale first of all. It has seen better days and the knowing ones who came early on a tour of inspection do not intend to bid over three

dollar." The auctioneer demands that the nary report to the War Department on the

"Good heavens!" he exclaims, recovering